

# THE DAILY REBEL.

Office on Market Street, over the Bank of Tennessee.

CHATTANOOGA.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 25, 1862.

## THE SITUATION.

As we said a week ago, the "Situation" in Virginia does not bode any immediate, general conflict. The operations which opened with so much apparent spirit in the region of Fredericksburg, are dwindling down from mere bravado to entire inaction.

The signs of the times are quite as dull in Middle Tennessee. From a private letter received last night, we learn that "it is intolerably stupid" in Murfreesboro. Morgan and Forrest, are still far below, the one in charge of the railroad, the other of the river.

Along the coast the Yankee fleets are reinforced, but as yet evince no disposition to try the futility of their guns.

The foreign news is unimportant, and very uninteresting.

Northern society, illustrated by the last summer holidays by the sea-side, and the opening winter gaieties in New York and Washington, is as noisy and corrupt as ever. Nothing seems to cast a shadow over the glare of that brand, which, like the caducous of Roman lust, is waved far and wide, a light-house of moral infamy. The purifying fires of war, the chastening influence of a pre-ailing malady of blood, and the more substantial checks of hard times and empty pockets, are alike ineffectual, and leave the mis-named *beau monde* no better than it was in the days when Mrs. Dan Sikes "fired" with Philip Barton Key, and Madame Cunningham put that inextinguishable spider in the dumpling of Dr. Burdell. There are runaway matches and "pistol matches," and "elopements" for the romantic and the rakish; there are balls and ballets for the *bon ton*; and for all, there is a giddy whirl of excitement and folly.

We can not say that we much envy them these displays of depravity and pride. The "roust" of Madison Square, the "hops" at Willard's, and the "rouses" at Johnny Coyle's, have long since descended from meretricious to indecency. Even those pinacles of gold brooding, hospitality and culture, the "levees" of My Lord Lincoln, would not be able to make us violate the tenth commandment. Indeed, such ill-timed mirth father shocks and disgusts the more refined sense, and resembles most the leer of the drunkard by the solemn belt of death.

There was a day when these things, if corrupting, were yet fascinating. Flora McFlimsey, and her attending train of waiting women and courtiers, was a real personage, and if false and fickle, as still interesting, if for no other reason than that she and they "had nothing to wear." When the bright Southern element was infused and injected into the social system of the great metropolitan cities, and especially that named after the first citizen, giving to it its body and brilliancy, and restraining at least a part of its immodesty, the West End and the regions around Lafayette Square,

For smiling age and whispering lovers made, were famous resorts for old and young, grave and gay. Life then was truly made up of golden days and *nocturnes*. It was one bright dream of wisdom, wit and beauty. With the festive cheer which evolved round a "club" not inferior to the "Monks of the Screw," and an array of "female loveliness" of Cabinet, Congress and the world at large, it was not surpassed by the royal time of the Merriest of Monarchs, "when the utmost stretch of a morning's study went no farther than the choice of a sword knot, or the adjustment of a side curl; when the soul spoke out in all the pleasing elegance of dress; and beauteous belles, enamored of themselves in one another's folly, fluttered like gilded butterflies in giddy mazes through the walks of St. James Park."

But these days are over. Their old haunts are deserted. The riot of power and the ravages of war on every hand, choke up the sunshine, and shut out the past. Highway and byway are traversed by new men and women, bearing the sharp and peaked characteristics of the Yankee visage, or uncouth grossness of the Western boozier. Old Washington is no more. Its brilliant, fascinating, unprincipled society; its grand assemblage of wit and wisdom; its "feast of reason and flow of soul"; its roaring, soaring ocean of humanity, high and low, with its quiet, exclusive little world of culture and grace—all, all are gone, never to be again. Albert Pike will never sing his "Fine Arkansas Gentleman," nor be "waked" more. We shall never hear the "Good Saint Anthony" from that Prince of wits and good fellows, John Savage. Robert F. Ould has given up all imitation

of Shell for the more serious duties of a cartel commissioner. Since his rascally confinement at Richmond, even Arnold Harris has half forgotten "Miss Patsey." Forney, Coyle and Caperton have sold out to the enemy. Jo. Jefferson, disgusted, has gone to Australia. Jackson, after playing out at poker, concluded to play renegade, by going to Congress and becoming a Yankee General. He fell, as he deserved, at Perryville. Alexander Dimitry, the royal, the magnificent, is as mute as an Egyptian mummy in Richmond. Kingman still writes under the signature of "Ion," but the inspiration has departed. Last of all, the glossy brown hair of Breckinridge is chinked with gray, and he is known to be, from the elegant, accomplished young Senator and man of the world, a grave soldier and General. And so with all the rest—

"All are gone, the old familiar faces." Where the merry jest once rung, the drum now beats—where music floated on the starlit air, hoarse calls and alien sounds din the ear with a dismal and unearthly cadence—where peace, with its robes of white and ermine, tripped once so lightly, are seen the bloody garments and tiger eyes of despotism, and usurpation, and war—and for the diurnal, pleasant, piquant and picturesque, we have nothing left us but the dreary chronicles of either suffering or dishonor, perpetually presented to our view—a shadow and a fear hangs over the scene—the last act of the tragedy which began in pageantry and in pomp, is closing amid mysterious mutterings and strange noises, ominous of a final catastrophe of death and ruin.

We hear many and frequent expressions complimentary to the industry, ability, and energy of Maj. Evans, Gen. Brockbridge's Post Quartermaster at Murfreesboro. No one deserves better of fortune than this genial, high-souled gentleman. A Kentucky, he has given up home and all, to follow the convictions of patriotism and duty. Long life to him to enjoy the reward of his self-sacrifice; and to see the redemption of Kentucky and her noble sons.

The appointment of John Mitchell to an Irish Brigade, warmly urged by a correspondent some weeks ago, is not only a matter of policy, but of right and justice. When we look around and see the material of which Brigadiers are daily composed, one can not help feeling humiliated at the splendid military talent neglected and laid under a bushel, by the ignorance and want of enterprise in the War Department. In the case of Mr. Mitchell, there can be no reason, however, for ignorance or blind stupidity. His name, his achievements, his commanding popularity with the Irish and his original and representative Southern zeal, entitle him at least to the same consideration from our Government, that Shields, Meagher and Curran have received from that of the United States. It is all a mistake that, because Mr. Mitchell is a writer he is no fighter, or because he has been in Paris until recently, he is not imbued with the spirit of the war, and a soldierly impulse. We learn from an observant officer upon Gen. Ewell's staff, that in his department of the service alone there is ample material for an Irish brigade, and that the organization of such a unit with the appointment of Mitchell would give universal satisfaction. There is no question whatever, in our own mind that such a step would prove highly beneficial in its effect upon the Northern Irish, and its inspirations to those who have fought so nobly in the cause of the South. We have not the slightest doubt that he would prove as brilliant a soldier, as he has always shown himself a bold man.

It may not be generally known that the signatures upon our Confederate bills, are signed by the fair hands of a certain number of fair daughters of the South, who are paid \$600 dollars a year for their services. The autographs alone will be therefore, worth the face of the notes; and besides no legal tender can compare with the missives of these tender damsels. Let us have no more depreciation of our bills, since they have become billets d'amour.

An amusing interview is recorded, between Mr. Lincoln and a Charge d'Affaires from one of the Central American States, which recently transpired. "Neither could speak the language of the other," says the Herald's correspondent, "Mr. Lincoln could not understand a word of Spanish, and Don Carlos not a syllable of English. So they smiled and bowed, and almost rubbed noses, like a couple of horses." An apter description is found in Mother Goose's rhymes—

"The dame made a courtesy,  
The dog made a bow,  
The dame says 'your servant,'  
The dog says 'bow-wow!'"

Who wants to keep hotels?—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that C. Austin, at Tunnel Hill, Ga., offers for sale on most favorable terms, his excellent hotel stand in that pleasant village. A fine opportunity is offered to any one who desires to make a profitable investment. Tunnel Hill, besides being a town of some business importance, is a place of considerable summer resort, and the hotel now offered for sale is the only one in the village.

The "Southern Illustrated News" for next Saturday is out, and full of good things.

## BY GRAPE-VINE AND OTHERWISE.

ON DITS OF THE DAY.

CHATTANOOGA. Thursday Evening, 8 P. M. Of the Right Reverend, Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, Scholar, Divine and Soldier, a few brief words:

Many years ago, before there was a Bishop Polk, much less a General Polk—when the honored representative of that honored name, and those high titles was a plain Parson, and simple Minister, albeit a young minister of great promise and personal attractions—many years ago the annual Convention of the Church met, as usual, in Philadelphia. A younger brother of my hero (for his General Reverence is the hero of the present sketch, as well as the late Kentucky campaign) attended this body, as a lay member. Among other things it did, was to appoint Leonidas Polk as Missionary Bishop, over Arkansas and Texas. It adjourned, and the brother came home to Maury county, bringing with himself the first news to the newly created dignitary. He arrived at his own, and neighboring farm at night, and early on the following morning dispatched a servant, with the commission of Bishop, and a mahogany box containing a congratulatory present to Leonidas. The latter was highly gratified, of course. A man of great enterprise and energy of character, of dash and zeal in all that interested him, of a disposition, if not romantic, yet highly imaginative and venturesome, the honor pleased him, whilst the prospect it opened delighted his young, active and ardent spirit. But, after satisfying himself concerning his commission, and accompanying orders, and turning to the rather odd looking present of his brother—a small mahogany box with a little key hanging by its side—his perplexity became as great as his pleasure had been. "What can this be?" quoth he, fitting the little key, in its little lock, "some trick of Lucius, I warrant." The lid flew open, "Why, bless us!" exclaimed the Bishop, "a bowie knife, and brace of pistols, as I live!" There they were, a long, keen Arkansas tooth pick, and a pair of beautiful hair triggers. Even in those days the Bishop had an eye and taste for such toys, and the first surprise over, he took them up admiringly. At this moment his brother entered. "Why brother," cried his Reverence, "what in the world induced you to send me such a present as this, me a churchman and a Bishop?" To which the layman replied, "nothing more natural or appropriate. You are about to undertake a spiritual charge of the extreme far West, and I assure you that you can not appeal with any arguments so forcible or effective to your future parishioners." "Fish!" exclaimed the Bishop, appearing to treat the joke with exceeding levity, but his brother answered me (to go no further, mark ye!) that he did not forget to carry these wholesome "texts" along with him, when he took his departure. Whether he ever had occasion to use them with his parishioners is another question, which remains unwritten.

Again: On arriving once at a certain town, the landlord of whose inn was accustomed to adding all his guests with some title, and to be remarkably felicitous in his guesses in this respect, he was met by mine host, with "Ah, Judge; how d'ye do, Judge? Get down, Judge, and walk in." "I thank you," replied the Bishop dismounting, "but you have made a mistake, I am no Judge." Ah, beg pardon, But come in, General. Let me take your saddle-bags. General. You will find a good fire, General, in the bar room." "Wrong again," persisted the modest stranger, "I am even less a General than a Judge." The eye of Boniface brightened. "Beg pardon, Bishop. Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families you know. Glad to see you, Bishop." His Reverence, satisfied at last, bowed, raised host, like Mother Hubbard, made a courtesy, and the two entered the inn. A little while thereafter, a group of by-standers who had heard the colloquy, and knew the distinguished dignity of the church, sought and accosted the landlord, and requested to be informed how he had succeeded in pitching upon the right title in three guesses only. "I will tell you," frankly responded mine host. "I saw at a glance that he was a professional man. The second glance showed me that he must be at the head of his profession, whatever that might be—if a lawyer, he was a Judge, if a soldier he was a General, if a churchman he was a Bishop, or Doctor of Divinity at least." The inquirers went away perfectly satisfied with the logic, as I doubt not are my readers also.

Still another and a more recent anecdote like the foregoing, printed here for the first time: During the late campaign, the lamented Frank Gailor, chanced to commit some trifling official error, which required an explanation in writing. Major Gailor prepared it and presented it to the General in person, standing in front of him, while he read it over. It did not please him at all, and coming to the signature "F. M. Gailor, Major and Quartermaster," he looked up and said rather tartly, "Well Mr. F. M. Gailor, Major and Quartermaster, this is very unsatisfactory." Gailor fixed his eye upon the General, with a quizzical but not impatient expression, and answered, "Well, Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, commanding the forces, I am very sorry to hear it." The reply was so prompt and pertinent, the manner so entirely free from presumptuous display, and the officer himself so amiable and gallant that the General could not resist the appeal, and at once retracted the offender to favor.

I add these three little anecdotes to the many which have been given to the personal history of the late campaign, and its dashing soldierly, ecclesiastical hero, out of that spirit of gossip which sometimes possesses me, and is never wholly dead within me. In after times

when the sayings and doings of to-day are faded out of the past as material for the historian, the romantic and the poet, these things will be valued, and surely none the less so, because they relate to that noblest of patriots, the Christian—who yet high in the land as Priest and Preacher, laid by the gown of the church for the hunting shirt of the camp, and in a grand conflict for human freedom, wielded the sword as valorously as he had held the mitre of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

A young lady in Dallas, Ga., writes us to know if "it would not be nice to cut off her long flaxen curls, which are the pride of her household, and quilt them into a cap she is making for her sweetheart." We think not. We know a little witch not sixty miles from this, who makes a better use of hers. They are golden gimbels, as it were, that bore some prodigious deep-holes in the hearts of the boys. We commend the example to our fair Dalton correspondent.

The cause of the arrest of McClellan's staff officers is said to have originated in some personal misunderstanding between them and Thompson, alias "Doesticks," the special correspondent of the New York Tribune. So soon as McClellan fell from power, Doesticks preferred his long neglected complaint, and Greeley put it through for him in double quick. He that hath a friend 't the Court, says an old Scotch adage, hath a penny in the purse.

The Theatres in Cincinnati are in full play. Murdoch is "reading" at Smith and Ditson's. Mr. and Mrs. Conway are playing "Peep o' Day" at Pike's Opera House. J. W. Booth, a younger brother of Edwin, appears nightly as Charles De Moor, at the National Wood's Theatre is going on the sensational "Mike Martin, the Bold Highwayman and Robber" to conclude with "Putnam, the Iron Son of '76."

The Cincinnati Gazette says the Yankee army is now more superbly armed, than that of any other nation of the world. It might have added, and better legged! Experience has shown that whilst possessing the one it prefers to use the other.

Some of the Northern papers speak of Stonewall Jackson as "a sly old fox." One would think so from the way he makes the goose fly!

The last "rage" in New York among the ladies is "the McClellan cloak," said by the press to be both "unique and comfortable."

Foreign Items. Recently thirteen vessels arrived in Liverpool from Bombay, with 53,887 bales of cotton. About 370,000 bales of cotton are en route from Bombay to Liverpool. The total income of England for the year ending March 31st, 1862, was £61,574,897, 18s. 6d., and total expenditure £67,385,904 2s. 2d., including £970,000 for fortifications, being an increase of expenditure over income to the amount of £2,412,006 3s. 6d.

M. Fechter, it is said, will open the London Lyceum, with a drama founded upon "Les Miserables," and has already come to terms with Victor Hugo on the subject.

Mr. Charles Mathews is about to make a tour of the provinces, when he will play a round of his most celebrated characters. The colony of New South Wales has remitted a further subscription of £10,000 for the Lancashire D. strict Fund.

A correspondent of the London Times says that the word "skeedaddle," a reputed addition to the Yankee vocabulary, is of common use in Dumfriesshire, and means to spill in small quantities.

A new system for laying the dust without watering the streets, has been in operation in Paris. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which absorbing the moisture, soon becomes damp and prevents any dust from rising even the hottest day.

The great annual Leather Fair at Leipzig has commenced; a larger amount of business than was ever known has been done, notwithstanding the high prices demanded and the large quantities of goods offered for sale.

A letter from Rome in the *Messenger du Midi*, states that casts are being taken of the triumphal arch of Constantine. They are to be sent to France, and are executed, as were those of Trajan's column for the account of the Emperor Napoleon.

The wine harvest in the Rhine and the surrounding districts promises to be excellent, both in quality and quantity. At a bull fight given in honor of Louis Napoleon, six bulls and seven horses were killed. The principal Matador, El Tato, received \$1,000 for his work, which is higher wages than most slaughter houses pay. A French giant seven feet six inches high is now exhibiting himself in the Metropolis. When his arms are extended, his stretch measures 95 1/2 inches. A singular accident occurred at Turin on the occasion of the Princess Pia's marriage. The clergy of the cathedral, which is the parish church of the place, refused to celebrate the marriage in the church on the ground that it was to be effected by proxy. The clergy nevertheless presented for the royal signature an order for 20,000 francs the usual fee for a royal marriage. Victor Emmanuel, instead of affixing his signature to the order, drew his pen through it, and returned it to the bishop of Belli, who vainly endeavored to persuade his majesty to change a decision which he had taken because he considered the refusal to celebrate the marriage as an insult to himself.

We learn from parties out from Memphis yesterday evening, says the Appeal of the 20th, that Gen. Sherman has been ordered to active duties in the field, and that the government of the city will in future devolve on Gen. Prentiss.

The San Antonio Herald says that Gen. Hebert has issued an order abolishing martial law in Texas, and adds, "the occupation of proslavery marauders is gone, and they will once more adorn the walks of civil life." The late order of Gen. Bee, relative to the exportation of cotton to Mexico, will continue to be enforced.

## PERSONAL.

Brigadier General E. L. Tracy died on the 16th inst., at Chattanooga, Tennessee, after a few days' illness. General Tracy was a resident of New Orleans for over thirty years engaged in mercantile pursuits.

Colonel E. M. Law, of South Carolina, has been appointed a brigadier-general. Mr. Amos Corweller, of Chester District, S. C., was murdered by some unknown person last week.

G. P. R. James—Walter Savage Landor, the patriarch of British authors, has furnished the following inscription for a plain memorial at Venice:

"George Payne Rainsford James, British Consul-General in the Adriatic, died at Venice, aged 60, on the 9th of June, 1860. His merits as a writer are known wherever the English language is, and as a man they rest on the hearts of many. A few friends have erected this humble and perishable monument."

The advertisement of West & Johnson, announces a History of the War, by Mr. McMahon.

A few days since a Federal scouting party, engaged on the Mississippi side of the Mississippi river, opposite Helena, captured a prisoner who proved to be Jerome Pillow, brother of Gen. Pillow, to whom the General's letter—published some time ago—was written on the subject of securing the negroes on the Pillow plantation at Helena. Mr. Pillow was on his way to his plantation when he was captured.

It is stated that Gen. Pope, the infamous, is to be transferred to a new field.

The Little Rock Gazette learns that the Federals are in the northwest part of Arkansas, some eighteen thousand strong, and their advance is probably within a few miles of Fayetteville. They are divided into four bodies, all of which are composed of conscripts, and their principal camp being at Walnut Springs, in Benton county. It is stated also that a few remnants of Federals are encamped at Pittman's Ferry, on the northeast border, and that a detachment has been down as far as Pottawatomie, arresting citizens and in some cases destroying property.

A gentleman who has visited the battlefield of Bull Run a few weeks ago, speaks for its appearance as follows:

The field of the last Bull Run battle presents a sickening scene. The fields are strewn with damaged gun carriages, broken clothing, shot, and the dried mummy-like remains of slaughtered troops which appear as almost every hand. The limbs of the half-dead dead are seen protruding from the earth; arms and legs are frequently found upon the surface of the ground, with the muscles and portions of the flesh still adhering to the bones, and in some instances bearing the marks of dogs and birds.

Martin Van Buren's Will.—The will of President Van Buren has been admitted to probate at Hudson. It is dated January 18th, 1859, and commences as follows: "I, Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, county of Columbia, and State of New York, heretofore Governor of the State, and more recently President of the United States, do hereby declare the following to be my last will and testament, &c."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. HEADQUARTERS C. S. FORCES, Chattanooga, Nov. 27th, 1862. In order to prevent the spread of the small pox, the Post Surgeon has been authorized to issue the following order: "All persons who are afflicted with the small pox, or who have been in contact with the disease, are hereby ordered to report to the Post Surgeon, and to be vaccinated, if necessary. If they refuse to be vaccinated, they will be quarantined, and their names will be published in the official gazette. By order of Brigadier General Helm. G. W. McCAWLEY, Assistant Adjutant General.

NEGROES WANTED. I WILL pay a good price and furnish rations for twenty negro men to sail on cars. J. J. BEAUCHAMP, Depot Com. nov28-1w  
Rebel Banner copy one week and send bill to this office.

HORSES AND BUGGY FOR SALE! A FINE young mare, six years old, with good blood and a good saddle animal, for sale. Also, a second-hand buggy, with horse and harness. If not sold at private sale before Saturday, they will be sold at public auction at 12 o'clock on that day, in front of L. A. Vaughn's Auction Store. nov28-3w

WANTED. 100 Hands Wanted IMMEDIATELY, to work in Puck House in Chattanooga. We will have all men exempt from military duty, who will apply at once. Liberal wages and boarding will be paid. S. R. McCANN & Co. nov28-1w  
High prices will be paid for negro men. All Atlanta daily papers copy one month and send bill to this office. [nov28-1w]

A Chance for Speculators! 100,000 ACRES LAND FOR SALE FOR CONFEDERATE MONEY! A real estate agent at Memphis before the war, I have had for sale over two hundred thousand acres of land, principally in Arkansas, which were being sold at that time from five to fifteen dollars per acre, equal to getting an acre now for one dollar. I have now 100,000 acres of land, which I will sell at one dollar per acre, or any less amount at prices varying according to the location, and the value of the land. The investment is unexceptionable. Address me at Chattanooga, care of L. Gen. L. Polk. THOS. PETERSON. nov18-1w

300 HANDS WANTED. To work at the salt mines in East Tennessee. Wages, \$12, per month and soldier's ration. Certificate of exemption given to all men who work faithfully. Apply for the particulars of any negro worked by the Government, or at the salt mines in Chattanooga. F. B. SMITH, Capt. C. S. A. nov23-1w  
Rebel Banner copy one week and send bill to this office.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS! I WILL buy all the old Linen and Cotton Rags, old pieces of rags, gunny sacks, pieces of leather, and all the old rags you can bring to me in the next three months, for which I will pay CASH. Wash the dirt out and bring them in; take up all the scraps and come and get your money for what you have thrown away. I want them delivered at my old stand, on the corner, next door to O. H. P. & Co. at Harrison, Tenn., to A. J. S. B. EDWARDS. Chattanooga, Oct. 15, 1862.

NEGROES WANTED. WE wish to hire 15 or 20 negro men to cut wood in Duane county, Ga. We will pay good wages. Persons having negroes to hire will address us at Trenton, Ga. Permanent employment. nov28-1w  
Rebel Banner copy one week and send bill to this office.

## MILITARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT No. 2, Chattanooga, Nov. 17, 1862.

General Orders No. 149. The General Commanding announces with pain, the absence of the following officers and soldiers from the service, and orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service. In those who are absent, the General Commanding orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service. In those who are absent, the General Commanding orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service.

General Orders No. 150. The General Commanding orders that the following officers and soldiers be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service. In those who are absent, the General Commanding orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service.

General Orders No. 151. The General Commanding orders that the following officers and soldiers be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service. In those who are absent, the General Commanding orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service.

General Orders No. 152. The General Commanding orders that the following officers and soldiers be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service. In those who are absent, the General Commanding orders that they be arrested, if possible, and returned to the service.

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